

Whoops

by PSYchOtIC-teNdencies

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-03-04 16:03:02

Updated: 2013-09-27 18:45:06

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:37:42

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 9,063

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hijack PWP! :P WARNING: M/M, awkward sex, unwieldy snark, weird lube, and all around extremely silly. Durhahaha. Now a chapter 2!

1. Chapter 1

****A/n****: So I wrote a Hijack PWP. A really awkward, silly PWP... oh well hahaha. Fun and goofy sex scenes are a nice break from the usual sometimes. :P

* * *

><p>"Uhhh..."<p>

The dragon rider's mouth stretched crookedly, caught between a grin and a cringe. He couldn't fake a smile even if it meant the difference between life and Astrid's yak-milk.

Some people â€" ah, no, some numskulls (no shortage of those around here) look at Hiccup and see only this. They see quirking features on a skinny, clumsy, weirdo kid of a great village chief, and figure that's it. Nothing to see past that. But here's the thing â€" sure, okay, put him on the spot and Hiccup can get pretty tongue-tied, and when it's really bad you can practically see the awkward rising up like steam over his bobbing head â€" what you have to understand is, this is a guy who took out a dragon about five hundred times his size. This is a guy whose best friend is a giant flying reptile that can wreck an entire house by breathing on it. This is a guy who melts iron and hammers it into whatever weapon or tool he wants. This is a guy who runs, actually runs on a leg made of metal, and smiles like nothing's missing.

This is not a guy you want to underestimate.

"H-ha, well that um, that was ah..."

His eyes bulged so wide under the upward slant of his brows, Jack would have snickered and warned him to watch it, or they might pop right out of his head like a baby Terror from its egg. Then he probably would have elbowed his bony arm and grinned at Hiccup's indignant scowl. He would have, if Jack were anything like himself today. But obviously he wasn't, or he wouldn't have gone ahead with something so insanely _stupid_ - stupid even for Jack Frost.

"Yeeaahh that... was kind of terrible," he said instead through a tight jaw.

Hiccup started to shape a response, thin lips rounding, but no sound pushing past them as he blinked a little more than usual.

"Well," he managed to say in a paradox of forced nonchalance. He tilted his head slightly to the side and looked up, as though looking for a script with his next line on the ceiling. "It wasn't, I mean-"

When his hazel-green eyes turned back to meet Jack's frank stare, almost deadpan but for the sheepish tug to his lips and the faint rise of an eyebrow, Hiccup gave up. His tense shoulders dropped a little, the hesitant twists in his face smoothed to little ironic curves, and he ditched the vain endeavor to be anything but a sarcastic little shit.

"Yeah, yeah 'terrible' would be a pretty accurate description," he admitted with a small grin. "Were you _trying_ to take a bite out of my face, or..."

Jack didn't know whether to laugh or bang his head on something. Instead he found himself wearing an open half-smile and fixing only his eyes -_not_ his tempted head- to the wooden wall at the dragon rider's back.

"...No," he retorted, returning his bright blue gaze to Hiccup. And much as he sought for something slightly less _lame_ to add, nothing more than that came out. So he just stared, mouth agape and speechless.

Ladies and gentleman, Jack Frost. Guardian of Fail. Maybe he _should_ _book_ an engagement between his forehead and that wall...

Hiccup didn't reply right away. Jack was wide open for an attack â€"and Thor knows _he_ _wouldn't_ miss a golden opportunity like this if it were Hiccup in his placeâ€" but the freckled Viking was always the more merciful of the two.

"Ehh, I don't know, I'm pretty sure you went cannibal on me back there. In fact, did you leave teeth-marks, I feel like there ar- okay yes, wow, yes you left teeth-marks. Solid evidence of cannibalism! Right here!"

...You know, 'merciful' is a kind of strong word, isn't it?

The dragon rider had his lower lip pinched between his fingers, revealing a row of slightly crooked and here-and-there chipped teeth. Jack could almost hear Toothiana weeping from her floating palace. Or

was that Jack's ego...

A little laugh was all the sound the winter sprite could muster before he gulped, and breathed in. "Yeah, okay fishbone," he muttered through a flat smile. Then an absurd thought poked at the dilapidated remains of his self-esteem, and a spark of inspiration rekindled the debris. "You got me, so I'll come clean... yes, I was trying to eat you. I've wanted to eat you for a long time now. I tried to fight these feelings because I know it's wrong, but I couldn't hold back anymore and your nose is looking really tasty right now can I just-"

"Hey, back off frost-butt," Hiccup laughed, pushing his palms back against Jack's chest as the guardian dipped towards the rider's nose.

Jack caught the other boy's shoulders to keep his ground, and they struggled with almost childish gusto and candid grins.

"You ordering me to heel," the guardian huffed through his efforts to reach his round target at the center of Hiccup's face, "like one of your lizards?"

"No, no that would assume â€" gah!" the rider pushed harder and swiveled his head away from Jack, just avoiding a taunting chomp of pale blue lips over icy teeth, "â€"that you â€" had the brain capacity â€" of â€" ack okay get off!"

Hiccup's choppy comeback completely derailed as Jack finally got the freckled bulb of the boy's nose between his chops. The victory came a little unexpected, so the nipping sprite's guard went down long enough for Hiccup to shove Jack's face back.

"You are so â€" you make Vikings look like delicate flowers!" the dragon tamer scowled, bringing his hand down against the inside of Jack's elbow, poised to push his arm off Hiccup's shoulder. The other hand stayed at Jack's chest, but neither pressed him back anymore â€" they just rested against him.

That same moronic blankness crept up Jack's renewed confidence to fill it with more cracks. The spirit of fun chuckled over the interesting maneuvers his gut had upped and decided to perform. "Or just you," he muttered, and wow that was a lot huskier than he meant to sound.

Hiccup rolled his eyes, but when he looked back at the sprite he was smirking a little, fingers starting to curl into Jack's milk-white shirt.

Okay no, Jack's stomach really had to stop with the gold medal spin dives. Timing, stomach! Really, just don't.

"Right, I'm a delicate flower." Hiccup's voice was low, quiet as it'd ever been, and oh hey, dÃ©jÃ vu, weren't they in this position a few minutes ago, when they...yeah. "I guess that makes you an overgrown weed hogging the sun."

There had to be a cleverer response to that than what came out of Jack's mouth.

"Maybe," he just mumbled, a little too distracted by the way Hiccup's stupidly huge eyes watched him, a green blend of amused and annoyed and just... warm? Was that what that was?

The dragon rider's grip on the front of Jack's shirt was tight, and Jack realized after a few moments when his brain apparently took a little vacation, Hiccup was pulling him closer. When he was near enough to feel the other boy's hot breath against his own face, Hiccup's eyes were closing.

Their second kiss was shorter, simpler, nothing like the heated mess of the first. Hiccup kissed Jack again, just another brief press of lips, and again, again...

Jack's mind, never in the greatest shape in the first place, wheezed and slowed to a lazy pace, while his heart sprinted way ahead of it. The lip locks were getting longer, mouths pushing together a little more firmly, with a kind of give and take between their slowly moving faces.

The guardian of fun released his friend's skinny shoulders and wrapped himself around Hiccup's waist "whoa, was that a row of hooks under his shirt, or were those ribs? Yeah no, those were definitely his ribs. Did the fishbone ever _eat_? Seriously though, that couldn't be normal"oh, okay, now Hiccup had his arms round Jack's neck, that was different. And he was leaning up close against him and _Odin Almighty_, sometimes Jack forgot how _small_ Hiccup was. And he remembered, that was one of the first things he thought that day when he hovered over Berk, and saw this kid hauling a basket at least three quarters his size around.

Actually the exact phrase was, "Ha, careful shrimp, looks like those twigs for arms are about to snap."

And the completely unexpected reply: "Aaaaand there's a fairy over my head insulting my size. Looks like the twins spiked the well again... _fantastic_. Well thank you, mister fairy-man, I really needed that extra encouragement today."

"Fairy? Hang on, no, _fairy_, are you serious? Listen pal, I am _not_ " wait..."

Really, you wouldn't think someone as cynical as Hiccup could see Jack Frost. But the fishbone knew his people's lore, including the legend of one Jǫrkul Frosti. Though once he made the connection between Jack and the Norse nature god, Hiccup stared at Jack like he'd just asked him to kiss a Gronkle. "_You're _a god_," he said flatly, and Jack could have frozen his bony butt right then and there.

Jack returned to here and now when Hiccup pressed his slightly open mouth harder against the sprite's, and breathed a small sigh through his nose. He made barely any noise, barely _did_ anything, but Jack couldn't fail to notice with mild horror just how tight his pants were getting.

Okay. Don't panic. Be cool. He was Jack Frost, cool was practically his middle name (it certainly wasn't Aloicious). Wait what was Hiccup doing _now_, where were those hands going?

The dragon rider's fingers ran up into Jack's hair, knotting into the white strands and rubbing slightly against his scalp. Oh. Oh that was nice.

Jack felt himself start to move without really knowing where he was going " not that _that_ was so unusual, actually. The guardian often just followed his impulses, putting thought on hold for long stretches while it buzzed at him warningly in the back of his head.

He pushed forward suddenly, until Hiccup's back hit the wall. The rider made a gruff noise in the back of his throat, but he didn't pull away. In fact, he was tugging Jack's face as close to him as he could, and started doing something _really_ fascinating with his tongue... wow. Maybe he had more practice at this than Jack thought.

But all this wasn't exactly helping the growing problem below Jack's belt.

Hiccup's riding gear rubbed between them a little uncomfortably, until he pulled back his hands and started unsnapping the metal clips holding the leather around him. Their faces broke apart as the Viking worked his lightning quick fingers on the last hook, and let the material just slide off and drop to the floor.

That absolutely should not have been as big a turn-on as it was for the winter spirit.

Jack didn't even try to keep it together anymore. He just went in for Hiccup's upturned lips " not exactly what you could call soft, but they still felt kind of awesome. The guardian had no idea what his hands were doing... all he knew was he wanted to touch everything, like a child once instructed to touch nothing. As he rubbed up and down Hiccup's back, gripping at shoulders and pressing hard against the skin through his shirt, the rider abruptly moaned, none too daintily either. His warm hands were making their own rounds against Jack's sides, perching finally on the spirit's hips.

With a garbled sound the guardian couldn't even believe came out of him, and not a freaking mountain goat, Jack leaned up against Hiccup so that their thighs interlocked. But the moment he did, Jack practically jumped back again, as usual realizing just a hair too late how very bad an idea that was. Hopefully the other boy hadn't noticed anything kind of, ahem, _stiff_ bump his thigh, and they could keep doing, um, this... whatever this was exactly.

But the way Hiccup was looking at him when their faces parted, eyes big and blinking... oh crap.

"Are you...?" the dragon rider said slowly, raising a brow and giving him a little sideways squint, before glancing downwards. Which was just as well, because Jack's face right now was probably dark as pie filling " and Jack Frost didn't blush red, oh no, the Moon had granted him the gift of turning _purple_ when he flustered.. That dumb orb must have really had it in for him.

Hiccup looked back up at Jack with a genuinely surprised expression. But just as Jack was about to abandon ship and pull an, 'oh, would you look at the time, I have to go do that thing okay bye!' the other

boy started to grin. It was the same smile Hiccup gave Jack the first time the guardian challenged him to a race â€" a cocky little smile that said, "You're on!"

The last thing Jack expected happened faster than his poor purpling head could follow, and before he had even a clue what was going on, Hiccup's hand went right to the source of the problem and started 'taking care of it.'

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhiiiiiiiiiii iiittjflk,...

Jack's fingers clenched into his friend's green tunic, and his breathing dragged. The dragon rider's hand moved slowly over the bump under the fabric, outlining his shape between calloused fingers. His half-grip started to rise and fall experimentally along Jack's length, and that sound Jack made right there was not a whimper, nope, that would be a very manly, um, growl. Yes. That. Hmmmm... er that is, grrrrr...

The look on Hiccup's face had the same delighted curiosity as when he discovered a new dragon species â€" only a little... cloudier. He tried going faster and slower, from a little squeeze to just barely brushing it, observing each sound and twitch from the flustered sprite as he tested for the best technique. The little scientist got even bolder, and Jack felt him tug and fiddle at his belt until it opened, and ooooohhhh goooooodddssss yeah okay, that was Hiccup's hand slipping under the trousers' waistline.

When the rider had his warm palm all the way around him, Jack was done. He launched against Hiccup, catching his chapped-but-still-awesome-feeling lips in a series of kisses that had the other boy moaning in surprise. The Viking's hand was crammed awkwardly between them, but Jack didn't even care. He just wanted to be as close as he could get to the bony dragon rider.

"Mmf â€" Jack!" Hiccup finally spluttered, freeing himself of the guardian's frenzied kisses. "Hang on â€" just â€" hang on a second."

He pulled his hand out of Jack's pants, much to the guardian's frustration, and in an even more devastating turn of events, started to detangle from the spirit's embrace. Hiccup must have noticed Jack's total misery at this move, because he rolled his eyes and grabbed Jack's forearm, saying, "Oh come on, you."

The rider led the guardian to his â€" oh. Oh... Jack was still processing exactly what was about to happen when his back hit the really-not-that-comfortable covers to Hiccup's bed. And then Hiccup was over him and actually straddling him because well hey, dragon rider and all. Okay then...

"Didn't I tell you I'm not one of your lizards?" Jack mumbled, feeling weirdly dizzy.

Hiccup just smirked and leaned down, not bothering to reply before smothering the spirit's lips with his own. Jack instantly forgot to care about anything else, and reached around the skinny Viking to bring him nearer. After some kind of sort of electric combat between their tongues, Hiccup sat up and started loosening the tie around his tunic. His shirt was gone in a second, and there was the

crazy feeling of skin under Jack's fingers, warm and smooth and freckled.

Piece by piece, clothes kept getting tossed in a pile on the floor, until two pairs of trousers and a prosthetic topped the heap, Hiccup's boot lying to the side of it, and nothing was between the two desperate boys. Jack and Hiccup just touched and stroked each other, gasping too hard to kiss anymore. The guardian couldn't get close enough, he just had to be closer but couldn't think how â€" well except... there was _one _way of getting closer, wasn't there? ...Hnnnng.

The thought hit Jack so suddenly, and with that, it was like his body just ordered his mind to go on full evac. He groaned, pushing up against the boy in his lap and, with a little help from the wind, flipped them both over until Hiccup was below him, thighs clasped around Jack's hips. The Viking looked a little caught off-guard, but then the way his eyes lit and the quiet excitement in his half-grin dared the guardian to go on. So Jack kissed him and kissed him and shuddered a little at the fingers running up his spine, and couldn't stop thinking of how bad he really, really, _really _wanted to just spread the damn fishbone's legs and â€"

...uhhhhhhhh.

"Ah... Hiccup?" Jack said quietly. The boy frowned a bit at the loss of Jack's lips, blinking up at him. "Have you... done this before?"

The dragon rider shrugged best he could against the wood-framed bed. "Well, no," he admitted plainly. "But I mean, it's not like... you know, I don't... _know _how it works."

Jack stared. "How would _you _know?" he blurted.

Then Hiccup glanced around, actually looking a little sheepish. "Um. Heh, well... you know those Roman scrolls I got a few months ago?"

The guardian blinked. And promptly fell against the other boy in a fit of laughter.

"You â€" you perverted little â€" and I thought â€" and your nose was always in them â€" oh wowâ€"!"

All that time Jack thought Hiccup was such a nerd for spending so many evenings translating his precious Latin scrolls from overseas. Oh gods... that little â€"

"Alright frostbite," the rider muttered, pushing Jack off his shoulder. "What about you? I'm guessing you haven't either?"

Jack scoffed, turning his head with unconvincing certainty. "What â€" why would you think that?"

Hiccup smirked, lifting a brow, and Jack caved.

"Okay but you're not the only one who's done their homework, fishbone!"

The Viking's brow traveled even further up.

"...You see a lot when you're invisible okay?"

Hiccup's eyes actually closed, and after a moment he snorted softly. "I know this is hard for you to understand, but there's this thing I keep trying to explain called privacy..."

"Oh don't be aâ€" before Jack could say another word, Hiccup reached up and kissed his chin. And his neck. And dug his fingers into his thighs. Hm. Never mind then.

"So you wouldn't happen to have, you know," Jack managed to rasp, balancing his voice against Hiccup's little but damn distracting attentions, like he was walking a rope. "Stuff?"

"If by stuff, you mean stuff to make things a little slicker?" Hiccup articulated, smiling wickedly. "Then the answer is... I don't actually know. I think there might be something we could work with in the cupboard downstairs though..."

"But that's so far awaaay," Jack complained, collapsing his head into the pillow by Hiccup's face. "Ugh, whatever, I'll go look."

The guardian reluctantly got up, but Hiccup grabbed him. "Are you seriously going to walk around my house naked? What if my dad comes back!"

"It's not like he'd see anything," Jack sniggered. "Oh come on it's fastest if I just do it!"

He didn't give Hiccup another chance to argue, swinging open the door and swooping down to the lower level of the house. Okay, no, no, really no... hmm, yeah, that should work. He returned in another instant with a promising little jar in his hands. But Hiccup just stared at it.

"Jack," he said. "That's... butter."

"Yeah, so?" The guardian plucked off the lid, examining the creamy contents.

"So... are we baking? Because I kind of thought we were doing something else! Something that butter isn't used for!"

"Would you chill?" Jack laughed, rolling his eyes.

"Would you explain to me why you think for even a second I would let you stick butterâ€" "

"Look," Jack interrupted kneeling in front of the other boy on his bed, "it works, okay? Trust me."

"Trust you," Hiccup repeated dryly. But this was the first time in this whole escapade that Jack's eyes didn't waver nervously. "Fine, fine! We'll do it your way."

Jack stuck his fingers into the jar, slathering them with the white grease while Hiccup cringed.

"We _eat _that..." he grumbled.

"What your dad doesn't know..."

He pulled out his fingers, covered with the thick dairy. "Gross," Hiccup commented, while Jack smirked. Though he hesitated once he met the rider's expecting eyes. After a beat, Hiccup leaned forward.

"So this is supposed to be the interesting part," he said quietly.

"Yeah..." Jack mumbled. He didn't budge.

"...Oh for Thor's sake!"

With that, the impatient teenager grabbed Jack's clean hand and pressed it to his groin, diving in for his lips and running his thumb against his pale cheek. As he'd hoped, that definitely woke Jack out of his unsure stupor. The guardian flicked his cool tongue around in Hiccup's hot mouth, leaning forward until the Viking was under him again. He pumped the slackened flesh between his fingers back to life, rising a little shorter than Jack's, but actually pretty thick. The dragon rider groaned and pulled on the guardian's hair, while Jack kind-of-not-really accidentally humped Hiccup's thigh. Welp.

Hiccup took Jack's other wrist, and started guiding it down...

Okay. Okay, interesting part. Right. No problem...

"...Ow!"

"Sorry!"

"Well don't _stop_, just â€"what are you _doing_, get back in there!"

"Look I'm not gonna just _plow _my way in."

"_Obviously_, just go slow, you meat-head! ...Okay not _that_ slow, Odin, a concussed _snail _could go faster â€" _too fast-too fast_! Okay, okay... no there, that's fine, just... okay that, keep doing that, got it?"

"That?"

"Yeah... yeah that's... yeah."

"...How's that?"

"Uh... different... just... huh..."

By the second finger, Hiccup went from his 'that's interesting' face to something a lot more entertaining. The third finger had him closing his eyes and gasping through a wide, childish smile. Jack didn't know why, but he could have stared at Hiccup's face like that for _hours_... maybe it was just how happy he looked? The guardian kissed a dappled cheek, because well it was there and dimpled and Hiccup was making that _face_ so what _else _was he supposed to

do?

When he pulled back, the Viking was looking at him with a little grin.

"Ready when you are," he murmured.

...So. How exactly... hm.

Hiccup apparently read Jack's mind, and wrapped his one good leg around the guardian's upper torso, while the other clung to the opposite side. There was pretty clear access after that...

So Jack shifted forward a little, took aim, and dove in.

The Viking yelped, twisting the sheets in his fingers, and Jack moaned brokenly as he slid into heat so tight it made his head light and giddy. He had to breathe, just breathe a moment before he asked huskily, "You â€" alright?"

"Peachy," Hiccup bit. "Just - nngh â€" just hold still for a second."

"O-okay..."

Easier said than done... how the flying balls of Odin was he supposed to just ignore how insanely awesome being in Hiccup felt and not move? But then, to be honest... the thought of hurting him was more than enough to keep Jack in place.

After a few moments, Hiccup finally spoke up.

"What are you waiting for, spring?"

That was enough of a green light for Jack.

He moved in him slowly, not exactly steady, but thorough. Hiccup gasped and dipped back his head, breathing in time to Jack's slow thrusts. He pushed in, all the way, as far as he could, into that blinding heat, and pulled back, whimpering â€" yes, okay fine, he was whimpering. But that was nothing compared to what Hiccup was doing! What even was that? He practically shouted before that ridiculous cry died into a whine, while the hints of a smile still twitched in his lips. The dragon rider looked like he was having the time of his life...

...Until he glanced up with a mischievously glinting eye, and said darkly, "Is that all you got?"

Jack didn't need any further goading. As usual, everything the two tried to get done turned into a game, and Jack never backed down from a challenge!

The guardian of fun rocked into his partner with hard, fast thrusts, uneven and haphazard but deep and kind of incredible. Hiccup cried out over Jack's rhythmic moaning, clinging to his shoulders. Jack almost couldn't stand it, surrounded with something tighter than any fingers' grip, completely engulfed inside his friend who had a goofy laugh and ridiculously big eyes and a smile he could never get tired of...

Hiccup suddenly shouted outright, louder than ever, and clapped a hand over his mouth with a surprised, bug-eyed look. Jack paused, then tried to replicate that last thrust. It took a couple tries, but "there! The Viking's hand muffled his yell only a little.

Ha! Now Jack was in the lead!

He didn't hit it every time, but the sprite started rolling into that same spot, again and again, and Hiccup looked like he was fighting with everything he had not to just scream and scream. Stubborn little dork... wait what was he doing?

The Viking reached down between them, bumping Jack's stomach while he took himself into his hand. Ohhh mother of gods, no, the way he threw back his head and grabbed his own hair with his other hand, legit _screaming_, oh shit, oh fuck, oh fuck fuck fuck fuck

Jack couldn't stop himself from shouting when he couldn't take it anymore, like something in him just burst and the most _amazing_ tremors pounded through his body, while he released into Hiccup.

"Whoa "whoa " whOA "WHAT" OH " oH M Y " COLD! FUU " _COLD_ SHHHH HOLY " ODI-IN " Wha-a-t"?!"

...Whoops.

* * *

<p>An**: Pffffffffffffffffffffffffft yeah okay hurhur.
;P

Jack lost, btw. He came first~

2. Oh look there's more

A/n: Oh would you look at that, a continuation.

Here we have two huge dorks trying to do the kinky sexings.

Hiccup's topping. Jack's tied to the bed frame.

Yep.

* * *

<p>"You are so chickening out."<p>

Hiccup's brow creased, an annoyed scowl on his thin lips. His coarse hands tightened the belt over Jack's wrist. "Oh noI am _not_," he scoffed defensively.

Below him, the winter sprite shook with snickers. From his waist up, the guardian's pale skin was bare, arms stretched up against the wooden headboard of Hiccup's bed. The dragon rider's nimble fingers were securing leather buckles around a pair of white wrists, looping the straps through ornamental gaps in the chestnut frame.

"_There_ we go," the freckly boy huffed out with a final tug. He sat back on his haunches to survey the work. The same pleased little smile spread crookedly along his lips as the one he wore in the workshop, looking over his inventions still fresh out of the forge.

The winter spirit smirked up at the lanky smith. "So?" His salt-and-pepper brows danced suggestively, head quirking slightly to the side while his half-lidded eyes remained fixed on Hiccup. "Am I quite to your satisfaction, Mr. Haddock?" Jack asked in a ludicrously delicate falsetto.

There were maybe two solid seconds of silence, during which Hiccup's blinking face remained resolutely unimpressed. Then a stifled snort ruined his efforts. And once a single giggle broke past his dam of impassivity, the floodgates threatened to burst wide open. Consequently, the dragon rider was quaking with the failing struggle to contain semi-hysterics, actually worsened from him trying to hold them back.

"_Excuse _me_," in the same voice, the guardian of fun gave an irritated sniff, expertly maintaining a straight face. "Is something _funny _to you, sir?" His question ended on a slightly cracked note, a half-giggle almost sneaking past the façade of dignity. He was dangerously close to completely losing it, but ever determined to be a total dork.

Because making the reserved chief-to-be laugh, really _laugh_, uncontrollably, until he couldn't even stand for a good few minutes, was worth any song and dance.

Of course, it was possible Jack's timing could be better, wrists buckled to the bed frame and all... no pressing matters to focus on, or anything...

The skinny teen above him shook his head, trying with all his scrawny might to summon his voice without succumbing to a chuckling fit.

Hiccup was actually filling out into a slightly less stick-figurey frame. He'd even developed a couple muscles! Jack caught him feeling them curiously when he'd thought he was alone. Gasping, the sprite had swooped in and snatched the boy's bare arm, gaping at the little bulge of a bicep that never before seemed to exist. He'd declared it a Snoggletog miracle, suggesting names they should call the newborn muscle while his flushing friend forcefully kicked the guardian out of his room, slamming the door over a, "Squishy, can we call him Squishy?!"

"Ahh, you know," finally, the nasally voice recovered itself. "I could get _another _belt, and fix it right over your _mouth_ â€" you know what, let me just get it..."

The freckly teen started to move from his straddle over one of Jack's legs. Jack protested with an articulate, "Eh-eh-eh-ehâ€"!" before clearing his throat, and beginning again. "Heh, no, no I'll be good, see?" And to demonstrate his ability to _not _make a joke out of everything, the child-at-heart offered a peachy little smile, bopping his head slightly side-to-side and looking around like an all-too-innocent bystander on the street, occasionally aiming bambi

eyes at the dragon rider.

Hiccup's expression quirked with bemusement, palms unfolding into a confused gesture. "How is _that_... what are you _doing_?"

Blinking rapidly, the winter sprite's blue gaze darted to both sides before returning to Hiccup. "Behaving?" he tried.

"Like a Terror waiting to be fed?" the boy finished snarkily, a warm grin cutting through the dry tone.

"Nah, that'd be more likeâ€" and Jack repeated the innocent-act, but with a wide-open mouth, saying "aaaah" and bugging his eyes. "Feeeeeeeed meeee," he drawled deeply, leaning up as far as he could to the snickering teen above him.

"Jack, if this is you attempting foreplay, I hate to break it to you but it's not working so great," the boy teased.

That instantly stopped Jack. "Oh what, not even a little?" he pouted.

Shrugging, Hiccup lowered down close to the sprite, mischief bright in his eyes. "Eh, maybe a _little_..."

"Hey laughter is the medicine... of... sex â€" damn, wait, no..."

Green eyes falling shut, the teenager suppressed a small snort behind tight lips. Shaking his head, Hiccup leaned in and laid a peck on the spirit's narrow cheek. "Nice try," he commended.

As their faces drew together, both boys fell into a familiar, simple ease. Matching grins didn't quite meet, but the possibility of joining at any moment playfully dangled over each of them. Hiccup's fingers spread over his friend's cool chest, and other boy almost forgot he couldn't just reach out and cup the glowing face that was kind of just his favorite face ever. Especially when it was all smiley and openly warm like that. Yeah, Hiccup's face was definitely the best.

"I get a reward for trying, right?" the spirit suggested, a light hush falling over his words with their closeness. "A for effort and all."

The boy's eyes rolled. "Oh, oh you think so?"

"I do actually..."

"Oh really..."

Neither was paying attention to the last things they said, both just murmuring aimlessly over the steady pull to one another's lips. Though the leisurely pressing of mouths was now so routine, it still buzzed with a heated energy under the surface, suddenly bursting out in gasps and groans whenever things got _interesting _in bed.

Or on the workshop table.

Or against a tree in the cove.

Or that one time in the _air_, but that kind of ended in a frantic heap in the lake. Flying was a little hard when _other_ things got hard...

Speaking of which, Hiccup was currently sucking on Jack's tongue, and _that_ _was_ stirring up Jack Jr. just a little.

Sensing the sprite's waking arousal â€" or, you know, the pathetic keen in the back of Jack's throat might have been the giveaway â€" the rider let his hands wander, slowly, the only pair allowed to. Jack's bound hands balled tightly as Hiccup's delved into every dip and curve of the cold, naked torso below him, climbing every peak in painstakingly sluggish sweeps.

The kiss broke, and the dragon tamer's moistened lips ran down Jack's neck, taking a little stroll along his chest. As his mouth closed over a nipple, the sprite inhaled sharply and squirmed a little under the teen. "That â€" oh that â€" kinda tickles," he admitted with a slight yip to his voice. Hiccup's voice hummed a clipped laugh over the perking flesh, before moving on downward.

Ohhh, Jack really liked where this was going.

The first time Hiccup went down on him was quite the experiment for the fishbone. He took his time figuring out how much he could take in one go, how deep he could get it in or how fast he should bob, and just what his tongue should be doing meanwhile. Jack was a little too caught up in the _wow whoa this is great don't stop oh god_ factor to care about the boy's eclectic method. But a few tries in, Hiccup had singled out the approach that got the _loudest_ results, and from that point on always dove down with a preset plan of attack.

So Jack had a pretty solid idea of what was coming (aside from him, dohahaha). Granted, this would be the first time Jack wasn't permitted wring his hands in Hiccup's growing locks, or really do too much of anything with his upper body. And then what was to follow... well, that was gonna be another first time attempt, but Jack was game as Hiccup to go for something new.

The dragon rider had made a valiant effort to hide his embarrassment when he'd busted out the leather and asked if Jack was "uh, you know, up for... some new things? Maybe? I mean, if you want..." All the while he was doing his overkill
I'm-completely-casual-see-how-casual-I-am-see-see e? routine, complete with swinging arms, a way too bright tone, and darting eye-contact.

Hiccup was a pretty _enthusiastic_ _bed_ buddy, and not all that easy to fluster â€" 'course, Jack was probably the most qualified candidate around to press his buttons, especially since his discovery at how shy Hiccup really was about his maturing body. Insults and teasing he could take with a quick comeback and an unamused glare. Kisses and fooling around he could take with a boyish grin and open legs.

But innocent observations of thickening muscle and spreading stubble were met with a blank look, breaking into a _loud_ _frown_ across a red face. No comebacks, no grins, just a frustrated flush.

It was a similar fluster to the one the fishbone donned when he wielded the leather belts in his hands. It was that same reluctant acknowledgment of a part of him that was kind of, actually, you know, natural, but he didn't seem to have a first clue what to do about.

Well, maybe little bit of a clue...

Jack's thoughts were abruptly yanked from their straying path, along with his trousers. Scooting down between the guardian's legs, the teenager tugged at the immortal boy's last shroud, maneuvering it down the gangly limbs with impatient concentration. After some inept pulling and shifting and grunted curses, coupled with a taunting chuckle from Jack, Hiccup groaned and gave up, settling for a partial de-pantsing job. And since his next move was to dive right in towards the naked flesh between Jack's legs, the winter sprite had no further comments to offer on his progress other than a lip-bitten moan.

Hiccup's mouth finally reached the sprite's creamy inner-thigh, and sank a sharp kiss just inches shy of Jack's groin. By the time the dragon rider at last made his way to his bound companion's arousal, Jack was on the verge of whining like a neglected puppy. The teen's approach was, as always, painfully slow. He started with a few long, careful laps of his tongue up the spirit's pulsing length, lathering it in wet warmth. That already had Jack gasping and arching up, jerking against his constraints.

Wrapping his fingers just above the sprite's engorged sack, the boy gave a little squeeze of his hand while his lips planted messy pecks all the way to the swollen tip. The guardian wheezed in a couple breaths, sounding as winded as though he'd just encircled the island a good five hundred times without pause. Still completely unhurried in the face of Jack's desperation, Hiccup traced his tongue about the head's girth. The first outline was drawn with just the very edge of the hot muscle, but as he worked it around again, he laid more and more of his tongue over the cool head. Downturned green eyes glanced up, finding Jack's eager blue stare. Their gazes were still locked as Hiccup widened his gaping mouth, and engulfed the head of Jack's cock in it.

The following few minutes were one mad whir of sensations for Jack. A blacksmith-hardened hand tugged him at the base, while the tip was surrounded in wet heat. In a move that had taken several gagging tries to perfect, Hiccup lowered his lips steadily around the unnaturally cold hard on, sinking it into him until he drew his hand away, and the entirety of Jack's cock was inside.

Silvery hair bobbed as the sprite's head lurched, shameless whimpers stealing their way past his clenched jaws. His captive hands wriggled fruitlessly for the freedom to snatch up Hiccup's hair. The teen just swallowed him up, drawing out the absolute best sounds from the guardian that set his mortal blood to a blissful boil.

Just as those sounds were getting mortifyingly close to squeaks, Hiccup relinquished his mouthful and pulled away. Before Jack could gripe about it, the teen was sliding off the bed, jerking the rest of the other boy's leggings with him. He started to clamber back up, but with a frustrated drop of a Norse God's name, Hiccup backtracked out of the bed, tearing off his tunic so impatiently that it snagged for

a second over his head, until he managed to clumsily shuck out of it.

Grinning at the self-conscious frown emerging finally out of the boy's tunic, Jack teased despite his own breathlessness, "Whoa, take it easy there eager beaver."

"Oh you can just €" shut up," came the not-so-sharp retort, while the teen got to work on his trouser's belt buckle.

"Uh oh," the naked, tied-down immortal had the gall to jibe. "Everybody watch out, we got a real _beast_ on our hands!"

The boy looked up and started to reply, usual snarky expression gearing up. But he was also attempting to unsling his belt, which got caught along his pants rim until he yanked at it hard enough to lose his balance. Stumbling to the side as his trousers dropped and hindered his legs from steadying, Hiccup completely abandoned his comeback in favor of flailing his arms to prevent face-planting.

Jack meanwhile was pretty much dying. "He's _untameable_!" he practically sobbed with laughter. "A _machine_, I tell you!"

"Can you _not_!" Hiccup puffed lamely as he straightened.

"Oh man, you are _really_ off your A-game," commented the sprite bluntly, crossing one of his legs casually over the other. "Knew you were gonna flake out."

Brows pulling together in a determined crease, the dragon rider flung his finger out at the sprite. "This isn't over," he promised, his wry theatrics much more subdued than Jack's.

"Yeah?" the guardian smirked, a challenging quirk on his brow. "So go on, dragon boy. Take a shot already."

The disrobed youth climbed back onto the bed, shuffling the old wood frame under his weight. He winced with sudden remembrance and slipped partway off _again_, grabbing something from under the bed. As he tossed it up onto the sheets, the rider unhinged his prosthetic while he was at it. Lying on its side by Jack's bent knee was a familiar little jar.

"Does your dad even care at this point that the butter is never in the cupboard?"

"Well ahh, apparently Gobber had him half-believing in trolls after the first couple 'disappearances'. So we're pretty well stocked in socks and dairy."

Hiccup took hold of Jack's folded calves, unwrapping them and scooting up in between them. "Okay... okay," he mumbled, examining his surroundings like he was about to pull off a tricky move with Toothless, feeling down the willowy limbs flanking his sides the same way he patted down his saddle to make sure it was secure.

Eyes falling on the sprite's slightly disenchanted cock, the boy smirked a little at the more familiar predicament. Taking care of it with his palm, Hiccup leaned down against his pale friend, flesh

meeting flesh. They kissed, tongues overlapping and breath dragging. Then as Hiccup pulled back again, Jack pouting as he found himself powerless to bring the boy back down to him, the Viking sat up and opened the jar, scooping out a fair daub of butter on his fingers.

"Okay," he repeated, almost to the damn butter. He glanced back at Jack, hesitant gaze asking a question, which the sprite answered with a raised brow and a smirk (truth be told, he was quite a bit more on edge than his expression would allow). "Well... taking a shot..." the boy warned.

Gently pushing up the guardian's thighs, Hiccup reached a butter-lathered finger down under them, pressing at tight-knit flesh. It dallied over the soft gap between pale cheeks, brushing around the edges before slipping inside.

The winter spirit fidgeted, cocking his head at the odd little intrusion. As it began to slowly revolve against his inner muscles, Jack gasped harshly. "Ngh" direct hit," he ground out, the sharp pressure of rhythmic motion within him staggering his breath.

When he got a look up at the dragon rider, the teen was pinching his lip under crooked teeth, inspecting Jack's reaction like he was a new project laid out on the workshop table, being tweaked to perfection by skillful fingers. The imagery had Jack grinning despite the slight ache below, because Hiccup was still a complete dork, and _Jack_ was what he was dorking out over.

He started to relax the more he kept his focus on the boy's face, on its every adorable lift and twist, and the desire to reach out to it drove him _nuts_. But all he could do was tighten his fists and pull at the leather, conveying suppressed want in an intense stare from below his skinny friend.

The teen added another finger, watching Jack jolt slightly under him, eyes falling shut and mouth widening. "Fff-freya," the sprite breathily invoked the goddess' name, followed with a sighed, "_damn_..."

Hiccup found that each added finger provoked a new gasped out curse, and with every unexpected stretch of the calloused digits, a string of undignified noises shuddered through the winter sprite's bound form. A twitch shot up the teen's hard flesh, mouth drying as he looked into the frost spirit's strained features. He felt the guardian jerk up to the pace of his fingers, striving to take them in even deeper.

When a ragged, heavy moan abruptly spilled out of Jack, hips bucking up hard, Hiccup's concentrated expression wavered under a pleased little grin.

"Hey, found it!" he chirped.

"What, you want a medal or something?" retorted the guardian's gravelly voice, purpling at the cheeks. Hiccup's comeback was another jab to the sensitive spot he'd discovered, effectively dismantling the sprite's ability to form cohesive sentences. "Shhhihfnk..." he splurged. "Aw _shit_... okay maybe" you get a _little_ medal..."

After some more prodding around, and a few dozen more cusses from Jack, the boy slipped his fingers out. Repositioning himself, Hiccup took a breath. "Ready?"

The guardian smiled, panting deeply. "When you are," he quoted back the boy's own words from their first time.

Jack's thighs over his arms, the teen stroked over himself quickly with a still slick hand, and slowly steered himself into his immortal friend.

They gasped in unison.

Hiccup filled the winter spirit with pulsating warmth, inch by steady inch, until his thickish girth was immersed to the base in soft, chilly flesh. Both pairs of eyes fell shut, Jack digging his fingers into his palms and Hiccup tightening his grip on the sprite's thighs.

"So... here goes..." the dragon rider prefaced, pausing a second for any sign that he should wait. But the guardian just nodded between raspy breaths. So Hiccup started to move.

The spirit yelped at the first experimental thrust. Hiccup halted, but Jack just bucked up and groaned, "C-come on, fishbone..." With a tight whimper at the way the immortal enveloped him, Hiccup slowly pushed in again, and back out.

As with everything new the blacksmith attempted, his tactic was kind of a try-anything-and-everything-until-succeed one. Which sometimes made for a lot of not succeeding in the process.

He shifted and changed angles several times, constantly breaking his pace and starting up a new one, from going in deep and slow to shallow and speedy. But it was just a hair harder to focus and maintain control than the teen had imagined. Each slide against cool, dewy inner walls squeezing around him made the boy all dizzy and moany, and sidetracked whatever technique he was about to try. And Jack's crude cusses and cries didn't help either.

Still, the determined dragon rider did his best to stay collected, adjusting his hips over Jack's again to start up at yet another angle.

"Hiccuup," the spirit complained, "I can feel you overthinking this! Would you cut it out and just do me?"

"Justâ€"?" stammered Hiccup, blinking down at the wrist-fastened nature god, blue eyes foggy and impatient amid a purple-flushed complexion. "O-okay..."

Tossing out all plans, the dragon rider did as bidden and just thoughtlessly rolled his hips, quick and steady. An approving stutter of sound left the immortal boy below him, bed screeching at every lurch of the joined bodies.

Both rider and guardian broke out into staccato moans over the slapping of skin over skin. Sweat dripped along freckled shoulders and down a tense, auburn crested brow. They hadn't gone too long into

this consistent stretch of grinding before Jack's voice rose sharply, rather indelicate cries busting out at regular intervals.

Hiccup acted on a dragon rider's instinct now, trusting the bond with his partner to keep them on the same page. Rocking faster to the beat of his pumping blood, the teen tried to hold back inarticulate exclamations and shrill yelps. But the incredible friction of banging up into his friend, the sight of Jack tossing his white head, struggling against the leather belts binding him down, and the hectic tones of the winter sprite spewing every curse he knew at variable pitches " it all made keeping a lid on Hiccup's own awkward noises pretty impossible.

Quick, hard collisions into the sprite's sweet spot had both parties just about ready to pop. But after what felt like _hours _since they started, a few more desperate thrusts, and Hiccup's breath came in too shallow, heart pounding too fast.

The frantic motions slowed to a stop, the sweaty boy's chest heaving. Jack frowned up at him, puzzled as to where all that slamming fun drifted suddenly off to...

"Need " just " a second " here," wheezed the famed first dragon rider of Berk.

Realization finally clicked in Jack's sex-addled head. "Are you serious," the sprite giggled airily.

An exhausted glare fixed on Jack's half-delighted, half-disappointed expression, before the boy just plopped his head heavily down on the spirit's shoulder. "Look " some of us " don't get to have " immortal frost-pixie stamina " okay?"

"Ew, you're like soaking wet!" the sprite complained giddily, nudging his torso up at the sweat-drenched brow tucked over it. Hiccup just groaned whinily in response. "Aww, are you done?" Jack asked over the auburn locks under his chin.

"_No_," insisted the boy's muffled voice. "Just need... a moment..."

"Yeah okay, sure, no problem... I'll just be here... twiddling my thumbs " oh wait, I _can't_."

Sighing heavily, Hiccup pushed himself back up again. "Okay, okay," he rasped, with somewhat renewed strength. "Mr. _Whiney_," he added.

"So does that make you _Mrs_. Whiney?" deduced the sprite with a snicker. "Mrs. Hiccup 'I-Just-Need-A-Second' Whiney?"

The teen lifted an eyebrow, thoroughly unimpressed with the high-pitched imitation of Hiccup's voice. "Not unless I missed a pretty important ceremony at some point..."

"It was perfect. Your dad cried, Snotlout cried, we had matching gowns " I can't believe you don't remember this, Hiccup."

Shrugging, the boy leaned over and ran his hands down the sprite's

sinewy sides. "Must've blocked out the trauma," he concluded calmly. And before he let the mischievous sprite detract them further, Hiccup reached down and slid his grip around Jack's still-perked erection.

That got him to swallow down whatever nonsense he was about to add, churning out instead a little guttural groan. The rider's wrist flicked up and down briskly, reawakening dulled thrills along their senses. Hiccup was still inside, and began once again to move very slightly.

Precum dribbled down over Hiccup's thumb, Jack's thighs clinging tightly to the boy's hips. After a few keening sighs from the winter sprite, the Viking suddenly took up his prior racing pace, putting in a last effort to throw his friend over the edge.

Jack's gasps escalated in pitch, jolting louder at each combined thrust and stroke. Heaving over him, Hiccup wasn't in much better shape, albeit he wasn't the one thrashing against the bed frame.

With a final series of desperate, hectic yelling, Jack suddenly arched up hard, rattling the frame and spurting over his tight abdomen. The abrupt clenching around Hiccup's cock reduced him to shrill cries and aimless rocking, heating Jack's insides with seed.

As the blinding ecstasy wound down, Hiccup pulled himself out with an awkward grunt. Panting like he'd just completed a marathon, the teen gradually reached over and unfastened the buckles around Jack's wrists.

Free at last, Jack whipped out his arms and drew the boy in to sloppily meet his lips, refusing to let him go until he'd gotten in a long, thorough kiss.

"Not bad," mumbled the guardian as he drew away, offering a spent smirk. "Just a couple hiccups," he couldn't resist adding.

Not missing a beat, the dragon rider deadpanned back, "And just one Jack ass."

Jack glared for a second, but his expression brightened again suddenly. Curling one of his hands into itself, the spirit set a focused stare at his closed fist until little flecks of snow drifted from within his grasp. He unfolded his hand, and a small, round piece of ice hovered up above his palm. It sank down into his waiting fingers, and the self-satisfied winter sprite handed the silver pendant to Hiccup.

Blinking, the boy stared down at the gift, ornamented along the curved edges with sunray-like waves. Embroidered in tiny print at the center of the circle, "Great Job" was scribed.

"Your medal," Jack only barely managed to explain before throwing back his head and cackling.

Hiccup's eyes immediately shut, expression completely dry and nonreactive. But inevitably, the giggle fit caught him too, and he fell forward into the wooly sheets, shaking beside his _idiot _friend

with the contagious laughter that only Jack could wreak.

* * *

><p>An**: WELP. Hope you enjoyed! ;3

End
file.